





## THANKSGIVING.

Welcome, thou grand old Feast-day!  
Again thou russet fields  
Lie idle in the soft, gray light,  
Shorn of their splendid yields;  
Again the lanes have glimmered  
With farewell golden-rod,  
And gentian fringes closed above  
The tinted olive sod.  
But thou, O grand old Feast-day,  
Thou hast no need of these  
To draw us to thee. Though thou bring  
Gray skies and leafless trees—  
A hundred welcomes to thee!  
Ye altar-fires at home,  
Shine out—and kindled gather  
From sea to mountain dome!  
So hail thee, grand old Feast-day!  
The wind-swept orchard boughs  
Have flung their ruddy gold and green  
Upon the earth; the mows  
Are rich with grain; the furrows  
Sleep 'neath the sun's veiled ray—  
And all the land is glad and greets  
A new Thanksgiving Day!  
—Helen Chase.

## The Lady and the Diamond.

### A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was the eve of Thanksgiving, a dark eve, too, with the rain falling in a most disagreeable drizzle. Under wraps and umbrellas people whom business called out hurried home. Some of them were laden with presents and good cheer for the feast. All were glad. Even those whose attire bespoke pinched conditions and only too little of the things that go to make life worth the living fondled closely to them some little parcel with which they would gladden their humble homes.

In the throng that wended its way down toward the Wall Street Ferry was a girl looking older than she really was, Jennie Desmond. She, too, had her little parcel with her with which she was hastening to her home on Dean street Brooklyn. She was employed in the office of a diamond merchant in Maiden lane cleaning the precious stones that ladies of wealth sent in to be brightened up for the holidays. The crush of business had been unusually great, and Jennie, who had the entire confidence of the firm, was intrusted with a magnificent pendant, the property of Mrs. Vanderpoel, who resides on Fifth avenue, less than a block away from the palatial home of the Vanderbilts. The pendant had to be cleaned for a ball on Thanksgiving and Jennie had taken it with her to fix it up at home, as she had frequently done before with others of almost equal value.

She was careful in securing it to her person. She carried it on a string about her neck beneath her clothing and trudged on through the wet and mud unconscious of any impending misfortune. Indeed, the bundle under her arm, containing a small present for her mother, enlisted her attention more than did the gem she wore about her neck. She was oblivious of the jam and jostle about her. Everybody was crowding the other good-naturedly, as only an American metropolitan crowd can. At times the current in the human tide that flowed through the ferry gate lifted her almost from her feet. Still she thought only of her home and of the Thanksgiving gift for her mother. Gladness is always infectious and all-absorbing. If she was crushed and crowded and jostled it was by people who, like herself, were battling good-humoredly with each other in a desire to get home early and gladden their friends.

That was the scene and these the feelings about the ferry house. Just at its gates, however, two little boys were standing crying out the evening papers. They felt the pitiless, chilling rain as it beat through their scant clothing and ate its way to the very marrow in their bones. They had nothing to be thankful for. The weather was against the sale of their wares, and the only trace of sunshine in their homes must come by the pennies earned from day to day.

One of them, a pale faced lad, shivered in a corner, where he found shelter from the driving rain. He was a timid boy, known to his comrades as "Mugsy" and to a bedridden father and a little sister as Sammy Fox. His home, if a place to shelter one from the weather and a floor to lie upon could be called a home, was in a row of old, rickety tenements in Cherry street known as "Italian alley." The crowds at the ferry and their laughing faces and good-natured raillery were only a mockery and a taunt to him. They were too much bent upon getting home to care to stop to buy the papers. The hours wore on and the tide had ebbed and the streets began to thin of its crowds, and only a few pennies had rewarded the efforts of the boy.

He huddled in close in the lee of the gates, but the keeper ordered him off, and as he started to go his eye fell upon a gleam of light. He had never seen anything like it before. It pleased him as a toy would. He watched his opportunity, then stole up to it silently, but

as he came nearer the light seemed to fade out of it. He picked it up, took it over with him to Franklin square, and there under the lights he began to examine his find. He was pleased with its bright gleamings. It would be a toy for his sister, and he put it carefully away in his pocket. What it was he had no idea.

The night was bad for Mugsy. He had, in the parlance of the street, "been stuck" on his papers. He had not sold enough of them to even recoup himself from loss. To go home without a cent was out of the question. Mugsy had no education, but he had been born with a heart that told him his presence, though always welcome, would lend an added gloom to the already dark-some home unless he brought money for bread. It would be three hungry instead of two. So long as he was out there might be some hope for earning a little. So, until nearly midnight he dodged about the streets, and then when the hour had been passed he staggered into the office of the *Press*, and down in the room where newsboys wait for the paper the lad threw himself down in a corner to sleep. The whirring of the press awoke him and he was soon out. Up town he went to Fifth avenue to catch a dime from generous givers on Thanksgiving day. In front of a window he took his stand shortly before noon.

The carriages rolled by and the little urchin, hungry and tired, was more asleep than awake. He was on the North Side when services at the Cathedral concluded and the crowds came out. He ran to cross the street to sell his papers when a carriage came rushing along. There was a cry from some people to the powdered and liveried driver, but it came too late. The boy was under the wheels. The lady, who was the only occupant of

throw herself upon her mercy. Pale and trembling, she came to this city and approached the rich home. More than once she faltered at the threshold, but finally rang the bell. She implored permission to see Mrs. Vanderpoel. It was in vain for the porter to tell her to call again. She must see her, she said. Her importunities finally prevailed, and in the parlor she saw the lady. In a voice broken with sobs she told the story, and throwing herself upon her knees, piteously begged for mercy. She saw both dishonor and possibly the prison staring her in the face.

Mrs. Vanderpoel listened to the story. She asked the girl to be seated, and then sent for the physician and inquired after the boy. He was all right. He had regained consciousness. Mrs. Vanderpoel asked the girl to remain, and then went out of the room. She went to the boy. She showed him the pendant found in his pocket. His eyes brightened.

"Dat's what I got for Lena," he said; dat's Lena's."

"Who is Lena?" asked the lady.

"She's my sister what's wid dad down home."

"And where did you get this?"

"I got it down at the ferry las' night. I seen it shinin', and I kep' it for her."

"Why did you not give it to her?"

"Cause I had no money to go home and I didn't want to. I slep' out. I didn't have no money for somethin' to eat, and I was goin' to give it to her when I sold papers and brought somethin' home for her and dad to eat."

"But how did you find it?"

"De copper he told me to git out of de corner down at de ferry, and when I didn't git he fanned me, and den I seed de t'ing shinin' and I sneaked up and collared it. Dat's all."

And the lad smiled. So too, did the



JENNIE'S APPEAL FOR MERCY.

the carriage, ordered the driver to stop, and took the newsboy into the carriage. It was less than a block to her home, and thither the little fellow was taken. He was unconscious. The family physician came, and in removing the poor urchin's clothing to examine his injuries the bright toy he had found at the Wall Street Ferry fell out. It was a magnificent diamond pendant, and was handed to the lady of the house, who was greatly surprised, as she thought she recognized it as her own. It resembled one she had sent to her diamond cleaner in Maiden lane—was identical in every particular. It was strange. Perhaps, then, the lad was a thief, somebody said, but Mrs. Vanderpoel insisted upon the utmost attention being given him. He might be a thief, but it was Thanksgiving day.

Meantime there had been sad scenes in the home of the Desmond girl. When she reached the tenement in Dean street she felt none of the inconveniences of the journey. She was wet and tired, but the little surprise she had in store for her mother made her forgetful of herself. Ten minutes nearly were spent in looking at the present and commenting upon it. Then Jennie retired to change her wet clothing. Once in her room her first thought was of Mrs. Vanderpoel's gem. She put her hand about her neck to draw it up, when, to her horror, she found that it was gone. She could not realize it at first. She examined her apparel, but as article after article was searched and no trace of the pendant was had, her alarm became intense. She hurried back to the ferry over the way she came, through the same streets and up to the very door of the store of her employer. Still she could find no trace. She made anxious inquiries at the ferry house if "anything" had been found by the employees, but received a negative answer. She did not dare tell them what it was she had lost. Up and down the street, far into the night, she walked, her eyes peering in a vain search for the gem.

All night she lay awake, and her mother shared her sorrow. The situation was one of grave moment for both. They were poor. The pendant was worth many thousands of dollars. These two facts, with the aid of the imagination of a prosecuting attorney, were all-sufficient for a conviction. The morning broke heavily for them. She did not dare tell her employer until her last resource was gone. Finally she resolved to tell the owner of the pendant and

lady. She went up stairs, told Jennie the story of the accidental finding, and although she cried, the girl was happy. She wanted to go home to tell her mother, but the lady would not have it so, and both Jennie and the boy had their Thanksgiving dinner at Mrs. Vanderpoel's table.

It was a happy day for more than them. A carriage rolled away from the door laden with goods, some of which went to the little home of Mugsy on Cherry street and some to that of Mrs. Desmond on Dean street, Brooklyn. Jennie's employers were not told of the accident. Through the afternoon she sat burnishing up the diamonds, and they gleamed all the more brightly at the ball in the evening from the romance connected with them.—*New York Press*.

### Thanksgiving Week.



Tramp—"If that's turkey an' mince pie yer offerin' me, take it away. I've been a livin' on it till I'm sick. Ain't yer got a bit of plain, good, ole-fashioned roast beef, rare?"

### Cause for Thanksgiving.

With all of her wonderful fruits, California lacks a cranberry worthy of the name. A New England tourist ordered cranberry sauce with his turkey one Thanksgiving Day at a hotel in Pasadena. An odd-looking and odder-tasting dish of stewed fruit was brought to him.

"What do you call this?" he asked the waitress, a girl from the New Hampshire mountains.

"Cranberry sauce, sir," she answered, with a fair smile of sympathy for his evident distaste.

"Cranberry sauce!" he echoed, indignantly, "that has no more the flavor of a cranberry than a peanut has of a pumpkin."

"Maybe not," she replied, demurely, "but you see it gives folks a great deal more reason to be thankful for the turkey."

## A BIG CITY'S PIES.

### New York's Annual Consumption is Enormous.

### A Visit to a Great Metropolitan Pie-Foundry.

In New York it has been estimated that the annual consumption is fifteen whole pies for each man, woman and child within the city limits. Pie baking has been made a separate industry and there are now twenty establishments in town that bake pies exclusively. Of these there is one "pie-baking company" that turns out 8,500 pies a day, or 2,560,500 pies a year, not counting Sundays, and another that averages 7,000 a day or 2,191,000 a year. Many bakers bake their own pies, but by far the greater amount of the pie of commerce is supplied by the "companies" and delivered at the bakeries by the pie-delivery wagons. The companies also supply hotels, restaurants, boarding-houses and private families. A visit to one of these great pie-foundries is well worth while, and it is a revelation to those who have only seen pies made one at a time in the old-fashioned way.

Entering the large wagon-door on the ground floor of a big pie-factory one first sees the long rows of delivery wagons receiving their precious loads. Men in white aprons and caps scurry about with trays of pie and near some of the wagons trays are piled as high as a man's head. Each wagon will hold 600 pies neatly packed in shallow shelves at the sides. Little doors close over each tier of pie, and the pastry is transplanted without the slightest danger of being crushed. In another part of the ground floor pumpkins, squashes, apples, peaches and cranberries are being unloaded and stored.

Only a small quantity of these perishable fruits is kept in stock and the supply has to be constantly renewed. In the basement are the great brick ovens, the mince, custard and coconut departments and the large rooms devoted to the manufacture of crust. Everything about the basement is spotlessly clean, and the bakers are dressed in the white uniforms of their profession. The pies are all hand-made, but the rapidity with which a single one is made ready for the oven is startling.

There are long benches upon which eighteen or twenty bakers knead great lumps of dough, while others roll it out in great sheets. Piles of pie-tins, six, nine and thirteen inches in diameter, stand about, and as each square wooden tray for the reception of finished pie is filled it is marched off to the oven room. The department for the manufacture of the fruit interiors is upstairs, and the great wooden dishes containing pie contents are brought down to the crust-room on elevators. In the baker-room, which is entirely of brick, there are from ten to twenty brick ovens, according to the size of the establishment. These ovens are to all intents and purposes like the old-fashioned brick ovens, and their usual size is nine by twelve feet.

At one corner of each oven is a grate upon which live coals glow and give forth the heat that gives the pie its proper browning. By an ingenious arrangement of drafts an even temperature is maintained throughout, and the burning of a pie is an unheard-of calamity. The pies are put in and taken out of the ovens by means of long-handled wooden spades technically called "peels." As the pies come out, done to a beautiful brown, they are placed in one of the square wooden trays and taken to the ground floor, where they are packed in the delivery wagons.

Three sizes of pie are constructed, six, nine and thirteen inches in diameter, and the average thickness is three-quarters of an inch. The average weight of a nine inch pie is eighteen ounces, but this varies greatly, according to the variety. The kinds now most in demand are apple, mince, peach, plum, lemon, cranberry, pumpkin, custard and coconut. Coconut, pumpkin and custard pies are not made in summer, because of the difficulty of keeping them. One third of all the pie made is apple.

Pumpkin and mince are just now the next most popular. It is this year difficult to get good apples; and without doubt the demand for apple-pie will steadily decrease. The demand for plum-pie is the smallest.

When the wagons are all loaded they are rapidly driven to the restaurants, hotels and bakeries, and shortly afterward the business man is munching a piece and telling his neighbor how much better pie his mother used to make.—*New York Tribune*.

No man can know it all, yet they all think they do.

## A Monkey Soprano.

When an animal in the Zoological Garden gets thoroughly acquainted with visitors who, perhaps, make frequent calls, and is on friendly terms with them, it makes known its satisfaction in various ways when the familiar faces appear.

There is no animal in the collection more highly prized than is "Signor Bellini," known to the common run of the public as the "singing monkey." In no way is the title a misnomer, for the comical-looking little fellow can sing a song almost as prettily as a canary bird, and it is not unlike the warblings of the feathered songsters, either.

Head Keeper Byrne took a party of friends around the other day directly after he had sent the lions and tigers on a jolly drunk, and gave them a rare treat in vocalism. Members of the party were directed to go into the monkey house and take a stand in a certain corner. Directly after the appearance of Mr. Byrne was the signal for a novel exhibition. All the monkeys in the cage, big and little, with one exception, began to scamper about and chase one another in wild glee. Their joy knew no bounds.

The one exception was the grave and gifted "Signor Bellini." He stood erect and walked to the front in a slow and unspeakably comical manner. When aloof to the bars of the cage he threw back his head much after the manner of the old-time choir leader and began to sing. The song did not last long but what there was of it was really musical. It consisted of a few runs and ended with a long trill that easily reached high "C." Nothing could induce the haughty signor to respond to an encore. When the last note died away he turned toward a little bit of a monkey and began to pull him about in a perfectly shameless manner, and ended by robbing him of a savory peanut.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

### Big Farms.

A Northwestern correspondent says: "Oliver Darymple, of St. Paul, is generally credited with being the largest individual farmer in this section. I saw him at Casselton, N. D., as I came through there, on the Northern Pacific road. He was just finishing harvesting, and had cut over 40,000 acres of wheat. I am told that Mr. Darymple has about 20,000 acres of wheat land himself, and that he has nearly as much more land under his control, which is owned by a pool of his friends. It is all known as Darymple land, and hence he has come to be known as the largest farmer of the United States. As a matter of fact J. B. Haggin of California, who is a stock farmer, outranks Mr. Darymple, having 42,000 acres under cultivation or constant use. The largest land owner out here is said to be James J. Hill, of the Manitoba railroad, who is said to declare that he thinks it is better than life insurance to buy the cheap lands of the Northwest and let them lay for his posterity."—*Courier Journal*.

### Mush is Mush.

The struggle of childhood with synonymous terms is illustrated in the case of a five-year-old Tioga boy, who was recently visiting an aunt in the country.

"Jack, take this mug into the dining-room and put it on the buffet," said his aunt one afternoon. Jack marched bravely off, though evidently mystified.

"I know what buffet is, auntie," he remarked as he came back; "why, it's the sideboard."

The next morning at the breakfast table fried mush was served.

"Auntie, what is mush?" asked Jack.

"Mush? Why, mush is mush," was the reply.

"Oh!"

Then a moment later he murmured: "Buffet is sideboard; mush is mush; wonder what ham is?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

### Photographic Map of the Sky.

All over the world on moonlit nights astronomers are busily preparing a photographic map of the sky. It will be a stupendous work of some 2000 sheets, and will exhibit many stars not before noted. Sky photography is practically a new discovery, and promises more for the astronomical discovery which has preceded it. A "snap" exposure shows only the stars visible to the naked eye, or through a weak glass, but as the plate remains exposed more and still more stars continue to make their appearance upon it. Exposure for four or more hours, with such extremely sensitive plates as are now perfected, has disclosed countless celestial bodies which even the largest telescope has never reached.—*Times-Democrat*.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT.

The owl and the pussy cat went to sea, In a beautiful pea-green boat; They took some honey and plenty of money Wrapped in a five-pound note.

The owl looked up to the stars above And sung to a small guitar: "O lovely pussy, O pussy, my love, What a beautiful pussy you are."

Pussy said to the owl: "You elegant fowl, How charmingly sweet you sing! Oh! let us be married, too long we have tarried; But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day, To the land where the bong tree grows; And there in a wood a piggy wig stood, With a ring at the end of its nose.

"Fig, are you willing to sell for a shilling Your ring?" said the pig, "I will." So they took it away, and were married next day.

If the turkey that lives on the hill, They dined on mince and slices of quince, Which they ate with a runcible spoon; And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand, They danced by the light of the moon.

### THE FOLIAN, OR WIND-HARP.

The eolian or wind-harp is a very simple musical instrument which produces harmonious sounds when placed in a current of wind. It is made by stretching eight or ten strings of catgut all tuned in unison over a wooden box formed generally like a sloping desk. The sounds produced by the rising and falling wind in passing over the strings are of a drowsy and lulling character. Any boy, or girl either, for that matter, with a fair share of mechanical ingenuity, can make one of these harps and by placing it in an open window have strange sweet music whenever the wind chooses to play upon it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### A BRAVE YOUNG PRINCE.

When Gustavus Adolphus, son of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, was only five years old, he was walking one evening in a meadow with the ladies who had charge of him.

Happening to see some thick undergrowth, the little boy ran toward the place as fast as he could. As his attendants did not wish him to go there, they called out that the place was full of vipers and snakes, which would certainly kill him.

"Give me a stick, then," he said; "I will go and kill them, so that they may do no more harm to any one."

The little fellow then took a strong stick and went bravely into the wood, hunting everywhere for the reptiles; but, of course, he did not find any for there were none to be found.—*New York Journal*.

### GIFTS THAT CHILDREN CAN MAKE.

Penwipers and bookmarks are very pretty and can be made by children. For a penwiper take three or four small oval pieces of chamois skin. "Extracts from the pen of—" can be marked on the top layer with a colored pencil. Put a bow of ribbon where the layers are fastened together, and through this bow put a quill cut in the shape of a pen. When finished it is odd but pretty.

Sand rolls are very useful to lay across a book to keep it open when laid on the table, also on a piano to keep a book open while one is playing from it. A small roll can be made of plush, silk or woolen, with some design painted or embroidered on it. If you use plush, take a piece nine inches long and four and one-half inches wide. Stitch it up lengthwise, gather up one end, make a bag filled with sand, slip inside the plush, gather up the end and finish with a ball tassel at both ends.—*New York Press*.

### WEAVER BIRDS.

The weaver birds of Bengal possess most surprising power as builders. Their nest are hung from the branches of high trees; and generally out over streams where they are secure from reptiles and birds of prey.

The opening of the nest is at the bottom, and from the side of the general tube the nest proper is extended outward and downward as a pouch. There is a series of these pouches, from two to five in number, each designed for a female bird. The nests of the males are attached to the same general stem or tube, but are like an inverted cup.

The nests are woven of the same color of grass, and it is said that one new pouch is added to the general nest each year, but the point of junction cannot be determined by the most skillful examination. A singular fact is the presence of a glow-worm in the nests of the females. A ball of clay is affixed to the wall of the nest and the glow-worm is attached to the ball. They are, it is claimed, intended as torches for the nest. When dead they are succeeded by others, and may then become food for the bird. A wonderful providence is manifest in the instinctive skill of these birds.—*New Orleans Picayune*.



## LIFE IN BURMAH.

### Curious Reasons Why Houses Are Only One Story High.

### Farmers' Wives Enjoy Uncommon Privileges.

Living is very cheap in Burmah. Fruit grows without cultivation, and a little rice and curry makes up the meal for the farmer's family. A fine quality of tobacco is raised, and with his rice, his curry, and his tobacco the farmer is content. Twenty-five or fifty dollars will put up a good farmhouse, and the average farmer's hut is made of plaited bamboo walls thatched with palm leaves. The rafters look for all the world like fishing poles, and the usual house is of one story, built upon a foundation of piles so high up that one can walk under the first floor without stopping, and so arranged that the farm animals can be kept under the house at night, thus saving the expense of a barn.

Most of the cooking is done out of doors, and the Burmese farmer's wife usually builds her fire on the ground. Her cooking utensils consist of two or three earthen pots, and the family gets along with a coconut ladle for tin cup, d. pper and tumblers. There are no knives and forks to wash, for the Burmese do not use them, and as to plates a huge platter of wood or china contains the rice which forms the meal for the family, and each man, woman and child grab for themselves.

There is no drinking done during the meal and at the close of it each one takes the coconut ladle, goes to the water jar, drinks his fill and rinses out his mouth. Speaking of the houses being of but one story, this custom came about through the reign of the kings who considered it presumptuous for any of their subjects to put up a house which might approach in grandeur their palaces, and besides the Burman would consider it a great indignity to have any one walking with his feet above his head as he might have in case he had a two-story house.

There is no furniture to speak of in the Burmese house. The family sleep upon mats, and pillow their heads on blocks of wood or frames of bamboo. The clothing of the farmer and his wife is much the same, and the poorer classes usually wear but one garment consisting of a single piece of colored cotton cloth about a yard and a half wide and of such a length that it can be wound around the chest or waist and fall to the feet. The higher classes of women have a short silk or cotton sacque which covers the shoulders and arms, and the better classes wear the brightest of silks.

Some of the ladies' dresses consisting of this single strip of silk cost hundreds of dollars, and some of the fine silks of the world are made in Burmah. The men are as gorgeous in their costumes as the women. Their gowns are wound about the waist and tied in a big knot at the front. Most men wear a bright handkerchief tied around the head, and inside of this put their long hair. Both classes wear earrings or ear plugs.

The Burmese farmer's wife has a hole in the lobe of her ear as big around as a thumb, and in this she has a round plug of colored glass or a wide ring of gold or silver. These holes are so large that they are sometimes used for the carrying of the cigars or cigarettes of the women, and the Burmese cigar is often an inch in diameter. I saw a woman one day with a cigar in her ear, and one ear I noticed had a hole almost as big around as a napkin ring.

Another striking thing about the farmers is their legs. Every Burmese farmer's boy is tattooed from the waist to the knees with all sorts of figures which are supposed to act as charms.

The farmer's wife in Burmah has more rights than any other woman of the far East, and I think she has more to say in the management of the business than the wife of the American farmer. As a rule she controls the pocketbook and buys the seed rice. Like as not she manages a little estate of her own, and if she does, the profits from it all go to her, and her husband cannot touch them. If he gets sick and does not help attend to the planting she can get a divorce on that ground, and if he is idle and lazy and does not support her the Burmese law will give her her freedom. In case of a divorce she gets back all the money she brought into the family and half of the joint earnings.

She has fully equal rights with the man in every respect, save that according to the Buddhist religion she is supposed to commit infinitely more sins than he possibly can commit, and her only chance of going to heaven is

by being born again into the body of a man. Love-making and courting go on in Burmah much as they do in this country. Elopements are common and there is the same courting though there is no kissing or hand-shaking. Before the English took possession of Burmah the king started the plowing just as it is done in China at the present. On a certain day his Majesty went out with his ministers from the palace to a place known as the Royal Fields, and the king stood on a plow plaited with gold leaf and drawn by milk-white oxen harnessed to it with bands of crimson and gold and having reins stiff with diamonds and rubies. The king's ox was tipped with gold, and his Majesty was in royal attire.

In addition to his plow there was a plow for each of the ministers, and after he had gone up and down the field for a couple of furrows the ministers were given a chance, and they had to continue to plow until the king got tired and said enough. After this the king mounted his royal white elephant and rode back to the palace. With the advent of the English this ceremony has been done away with, and the last of the king's white elephants has disappeared from Mandalay. [American Agriculturist.

### Facts About Greenland.

A lecture on Greenland was given in London not long ago by Mr. Clements Markham. His histories of the early discoveries included the voyage of Eric the Red.

It was the first Englishman who laid his bones on the shore of Greenland.

In 1721 Hans Egede, the apostle of the Esquimaux, landed in Greenland.

It has been found impossible to penetrate for any distance into the vast interior. The natives believe it to be inhabited by enormous and malignant beings.

It is 399,000 square miles in extent, the whole being a mass of ice. A Danish professor in 1820 made his way for thirty miles inland, and described the scene he saw.

There is nothing but a white world supporting a blue vault. From far below one's feet there comes the moaning noise, the voice of rivers flowing far beneath.

Occasionally there are loud reports from the opening of a cleft, a vast mass of water pierces its way in the ice down to the underlying granite itself, for thousands of feet.

At thirty miles from the coast the height above the sea was 2,200 feet, and the ice was still rising.

A wonderful sight is that of the colossal rivers, deep and broad, which flow between tall blue banks, and pour at the end of their course down a cleft with a mighty cascade, which is conspicuous from a distance by a cloud of mist which always hangs about it.

On the strips of the land near the coast the Greenland flora, though scanty, is very pleasant to the eye. Vegetation covers the ground in thick masses, forming turf in the level places, while it fills the chinks and crannies of the rocks and creeps over the surface of the stone, giving a bright appearance to the land in the Summer.

The prettiest thing of all is the club moss, with its graceful little white-bell flowers like miniature lilies of the valley. With it are generally the dwarf-willow and birch and the whortleberry, with its red berry and glossy little leaves.

As far as Disco, but not further north, there are beds of lady's mantle and angelica, and masses of holly fern, the erect red blossom of the pedicularis, bright little red and white saxifrages, the dandelion-potentials and ranunculus, the Arctic poppy, the sweet-smelling ledum-palustre and the showy purple blossoms of the epilobium-alpinum.

### The Black Sea a Stagnant Pond.

The Hydrographical Department of the Russian Navy has sent a gunboat to explore the Black Sea from Odessa to Constantinople, and from Batum to Sebastopol. The vessel was commanded by Capt. Spindler and Wrangel, and a scientific report has been prepared by M. Andrusoff, who compared the Black Sea to a stagnant pond, having a maximum depth of 1,200 fathoms where the water of the Mediterranean mingles with that of the rivers which flow into it.

### The Walls in the Moon.

Prof. Holden of Lick Observatory reports that in pictures of the moon lately taken there are plainly visible parallel walls, the tops of which are only about two hundred yards wide and not more than twelve hundred yards apart. He offers no conjecture of their meaning. [Philadelphia Record.

## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

### RECIPE FOR STARCH POLISH.

One ounce of white wax, three ounces of paraffin, one ounce of spermaceti, one-half ounce Stearine. Melt all together in a tin vessel, pour in a tin plate to cool. To every quart of starch used add about an inch square. To make blueing take one ounce Chinese blue and one fourth-ounce of oxalic acid, and four quarts of soft water. [Farm, Field and Stockman.

### A FAD IN SERVING BREAD.

"Bread should not be sliced" is the dictum of some of our housekeepers who take kindly to new fashions. One little woman, who is au fait on all such matters, uses a silver bread-plate, on which is placed half a loaf. The guest who abhors crust is allowed to tear out a handful of "soft" from the very heart of the loaf, while the English lover of well-dressed-and-a-day-old breaks off whatever he wishes. [Ladies' Home Companion.

### FURNITURE POLISH.

Probably the best furniture polish is raw or crude petroleum. This can be obtained at city oil or paint stores. It is the coal oil, just as it runs from the well, and is considerably more expensive than ordinary kerosene. A quart bottle of crude petroleum will not cost over a quarter of a dollar, however, and will polish a housefull of furniture. First clean the furniture thoroughly with kerosene. This will remove all the dust. Then polish it with the crude oil, applying it with a flannel rag and rubbing it in with a clamshell-leather. Rub in the oil so that the furniture will not stain a clean white cotton cloth applied to it. [New York Tribune.

### TO CORRECT STOMACHIC ACIDITY.

The common use of soda to correct acidity in the stomach is an error. A counter acid is safer and a little lemon or lime juice, properly used, will remedy the trouble as often as anything. In some cases a very little sugar occasionally, alternated with cold water, is found effective. Sometimes hot water is the best thing. Sometimes nothing is so good as external warmth applied over the stomach. Lemon juice before meals will be very advantageous as a preventive to heartburn. Acids, as a rule, decrease the acid secretion of the body and increase the alkaline. When acid is given for the relief of dyspepsia, it should be taken before eating. [Chatter.

### RECIPES.

If soot be dropped upon the carpet throw upon it an equal quantity of salt and sweep all up together. There will be scarcely a trace of soot left.

For croup use kerosene oil. Wet a piece of flannel and apply. It gives almost instant relief. Remove when the skin becomes very red, or it will blister.

Cream Cookies—Two cupfuls of sugar; two cupfuls of sour cream; two eggs. Beat thoroughly; sift with two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of soda. Season with nutmeg or cinnamon, and add enough flour to roll out. A soft dough for sugar cookies is always best, if you wish them soft and spongy. Too much flour makes them hard.

Lemon Sauce—Mix a tablespoonful of cornstarch with three tablespoonfuls of cold water, stir into a teacupful of boiling water, boil till clear and thick; add grated yellow rind and the juice of one lemon, with a cupful of granulated sugar. Simmer two minutes. Beat one egg, add two tablespoonfuls cold water, pour the boiling mixture into this, stirring rapidly, return to fire; remove soon as it begins to simmer.

Ox-Tail Soup—Wash an ox tail, cut in pieces two inches long. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan, let heat, throw in the ox tails and stir until brown, then skim them into the soup kettle, cover with half a gallon of soup stock or cold water, add one onion, five cloves, one carrot, one turnip with salt and pepper to taste; simmer about two hours. Take out the vegetables, season with salt and pepper and the juice of half a lemon.

Tomato Confections—Scald and skin small tomatoes. To eight pounds of fruit allow three pounds of brown sugar. Cook without water until the sugar has penetrated them, and they look clear. Spread on plates in the sun, adding a little of the syrup while they are drying. Pack in layers in small jars or boxes sprinkling powdered sugar between the layers. Put down in this way they will keep indefinitely, and are said to almost equal figs, which they greatly resemble.

## L. C. TYLER, Boots, Shoes RUBBERS.

Ladies Fine Shoes in all the leading styles.

Misses' and Children's Spring Heel Shoes a specialty in Fine Kid and St. Goat, Calf Foxed and Proticue toe and heel for school wear. Also

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Boy's and Children's School Suits. Boy's Short Pants. Gents' Furnishing Goods. Full Stock and Low Prices.

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ICE CREAM to order, in large or small quantities. Catering in best manner for small or large parties.

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Houses for Sale or to Let. House lots for Sale.

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Evenings at 7. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 4. Other hours by appointment.

11 July 3

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MALT, CALISAYA  
HYPOPHOSPHITES  
TONIC AND STIMULANT  
Greatest of Spring Remedies  
RENEW THE ACTION OF THE  
NERVES, BRAIN AND BLOOD  
Guaranteed Satisfactory or Money  
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BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, CHEESE, GAME and VEGETABLES of all kinds in their SEASON.

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### A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP ON THE

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ARLINGTON
ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.
=Upham will open an unusually fine line of poultry for Thanksgiving.
=Rev. A. C. Nickerson, of Exeter, N. H., will be the pulpit supply at the Unitarian church, next Sunday.
=The steam roller having completed the work laid out for it on Arlington avenue, was returned to the city of Cambridge, from whom it was hired, last Saturday.
=The Macedonia Society of the Baptist church will meet in the small vestry, next Tuesday evening, at half past seven o'clock. A full attendance is desired.
=Richard Hodge and William Sullivan were in court last Monday for disturbing the peace, and were fined \$5 each. Hodge paid his fine, but Sullivan appealed and gave bonds.
=The work of making a street through what was formerly the Anderson Gage estate has progressed quite rapidly the past week. The soil taken from the cuts is used to fill in low places.
=Mr. R. A. Ware will have charge of the Y. P. C. E. meeting at the Congregational church, Sunday evening, at 6.30 o'clock. The topic will be "God's willingness and desire to give us the best things."
=The new organ for the Unitarian church has arrived and workmen have been busy all the week putting it in position in the organ loft. Next week the organ will be voiced, and we shall give a full description.
=The Y. P. C. E. of the Baptist church will hold its meeting next Sunday evening, at quarter past six o'clock, in the small vestry. Subject: "God's willingness and desire to give us the best things." Luke 11, 1-13. John W. White will be the leader.
=Mr. Lin. J. Bailey and wife left town on Monday for Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, where they will reside in the future. Mr. Bailey's business calling him there for a permanent residence. The best wishes of a large circle of relatives and friends will follow them to their new home.
=A delegation from Post 36 paid a fraternal visit to Post 136 at Somerville, last Monday evening, and had a most enjoyable time. The Somerville Post has truly elegant quarters in the new building near the Winter hill station. Ju. V. Com. Knowles responded for the visitors in the greetings between comrades.
=Last Saturday while Chester Thorpe, a young lad, was running across the railroad tracks near the entrance to Russell terrace, he tripped and fell on the tracks. In the fall two of the upper front teeth (second ones) were broken off and the lip badly cut, making a painful though not serious accident.
=Miss Grace W. Geer made a pleasing exhibition of water color sketches at the private exhibition at the Boylston Art Studios, Boston, under the direction of Mrs. E. Hollis, held last week. A number of Arlington people attended the exhibition through the kind courtesy of Miss Geer, a teacher in the Russell school and a sister of the artist mentioned.
=The pastors of the Protestant churches of Arlington have united in making arrangements for a union service on Thanksgiving Day (next Thursday). It will be held in the Universalist church, at eleven o'clock, the exercises being conducted by Revs. Tomlinson, Pember, Watson and Bushnell. The latter, the pastor of the Congregational church, will preach the sermon.
=On the evening of Sunday, Nov. 30, Rev. Reuben Thomas, D. D., will visit Arlington and, at a union service to be held in the Congregational church, will repeat the oration delivered before the International Peace Congress at London, last July, which proved to be one of the strongest features of that notable gathering of able men.
=A plate of false teeth was a suggestive sight as they lay near the railroad tracks which cross the entrance to Russell terrace. We can imagine they parted company with their owner while going through various gymnastic feats in, by and through the cars to reach the opposite side. This feat is calculated to make one lose their senses as well as their teeth, especially where they are not "stationary."
=Last Saturday Mrs. Winfield S. Durgin lost a hand bag containing money and other articles of value. It was found by John McCoy, a man in the employ of Mr. Joseph Butterfield, and promptly returned to the owner. Articles of this kind are so seldom returned to the owner that an instance of honesty in this line is worth mention. McCoy was substantially rewarded by Mr. Durgin.
=For more than a year strenuous efforts have been made by parties interested to secure the stoppage of the electric cars at Franklin street. The Cambridge membership of Arlington Boat Club, as well as residents here, have endeavored to persuade the management to grant the request, and a petition to the officers met with a denial. Feeling they had rights in this matter that were neglected, about 200 citizens petitioned

the Railroad Commissioners to order the West End Co. to add Franklin street to the depots along the line, and we understand the change desired is to be made.
=The children enjoyed their dancing lesson, in Town Hall, Wednesday afternoon, from four till six.
=Pleasant Street Market has a full line of poultry and other seasonal furnishings for a first class Thanksgiving dinner, at market prices.
=Mrs. John P. Squire and Miss Kate Squire returned on Tuesday from a visit to Mrs. Dr. Holmes (Miss Bessie Squire) at Minneapolis, Minn.
=Died in Belmont, Nov. 15, of pneumonia, Mrs. Edward Morton. The funeral services were held at the family house, Tuesday, Nov. 18.
=The winter schedule of the school hours of the Arlington public schools has gone into effect. The morning session closes at half past eleven and opens at half past one for the afternoon session with the dismissal of the pupils for the day at half past three.
=The case of George Russell, convicted in the lower court for illegal liquor keeping, was called in the Superior Court, this week, and Mr. Russell was fined \$100.00 and costs, with three months in the House of Correction. He has already entered upon his service at East Cambridge.
=The local branch of the C. L. S. C. will hold its regular meeting next Monday evening, at the residence of Mr. James Baston, on Broadway. The work and life of Wieland, will be the principal theme, though incidentally the approaching New England festival of Thanksgiving is to be considered. An interesting programme has been arranged.
=Early Monday evening the large lantern which hangs over the entrance to the Public Library was found to be on fire, the light attracting quite a crowd to learn the cause. The rubber insulator of the light became separated and the live wire coming in contact with part of the lantern burning it and scorching the building, where the fire ran along the rubber cover to the wire. The fire was easily extinguished by pouring water on it.
=Wednesday evening, in the Universalist church vestry, Rev. Frederick Pember, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, gave a lecture on New Zealand for the benefit of the chapel fund the ladies of his parish are interested in. Considering how little interest Arlington people show in entertainments of this class, Mr. Pember had a good audience. For several years Mr. Pember was missionary and pastor in the middle island of the group in the southern Pacific known as New Zealand, and his labors were confined to the section of that island called Canterbury; but naturally he made himself familiar with the whole group, and in his lecture gave the result of his studies and observations. The lecture was so compact that a digest or outline is impossible, although singularly free from mere statistics as to distances, etc., and as we have no room for a lecture of more than an hour's duration, we must pass it over with our compliments to the lecturer on his clear, concise, graphic and in every way interesting outline sketch of the geography, climate, resources, inhabitants and development of a country little known to most of his hearers.
=The third in the series of Inter-Club League bowling matches came off at the Arlington Boat Club house, last Wednesday evening, and the home team rejoices in another victory over one of the strongest teams of the league. But the score, as compared with the game of last week, indicates a streak of good luck more than especially strong play, as they win by 80 points less than the Athletics made in the game a week ago, when they were defeated by 100 points. Still the game counts a victory over a strong team, and is a cause for congratulation. Mr. Durgin having an engagement elsewhere, his place in the team was taken by Mr. Stevens, who well held up to the average play. The falling off was in Flanders' play. Last week his score was 518, but Wednesday evening he fell off to 386. The following is the full score in detail:
"ROCKFORD HOUSE" CASINO CLUB.
Bowler. 1st String. 2nd String. 3rd String. Total.
Johnson, 173 168 111 452
Rogers, 148 102 135 386
Goodman, 173 117 146 436
Gillette, 140 138 188 466
Smith, 141 105 125 373
Totals, 775 631 707 2113
ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.
Bowler. 1st String. 2nd String. 3rd String. Total.
Fiske, 147 137 135 419
Shepard, 150 170 155 475
Stevens, 131 152 145 428
Hill, 140 152 129 421
Flanders, 132 134 120 386
Totals, 700 745 685 2130
Referee, F. B. Swan, Jr. Scorers, S. S. Bartlett, A. T. Marston.
Next Wednesday evening the fourth game in the series will be bowled in the alley at Newton, with the club in that city. May as good luck attend the boys on a strange alley as has followed their fortunes thus far, two out of three.
=Mr. and Mrs. Gard. S. Cushman entertained the "Here-and-There Club" at their pretty home on Arlington avenue, Wednesday evening. The invitations indicated it was to be a whist party and the company present made up nine or ten tables and passed the evening agree-

ably with this popular card game. The prizes offered were unique and appropriate, Miss Helen M. Tee capturing the ladies' first prize (a piece of bric-a-brac) and Miss Gertrude Butler the lesser prize (a bust of a crying child). The first prize for the gentlemen was a cigar case and was awarded to Mr. Will Muller, while Mr. Rodney T. Hardy, won the small music box provided for the booby prize for the gentlemen. A handsomely spread supper was served in the dining room at the close of the game, and all present enjoyed a very pleasant social occasion. The "Here-and-There Club" is a reorganization of the social club formerly known as the "J. I. P.'s," enlarged so as to take in other members which, with the old organization, makes a membership of about forty for the new club, the members of which are made up principally from the Pleasant St. Congregational society. The club is entirely social in its nature.
=Mr. Litchfield, our local photographer, has never had a more busy season than at present. The holiday trade has already commenced, and embraces a number of orders for crayons, etc. What is better for the holiday gift than a beautiful photograph, crayon portrait? Those wishing fine work in this line will do well to arrange for sittings at an early date. Mr. Litchfield's work is first class in every respect.
=Sunday is to be Christian Endeavor day at the Universalist church, it being the first anniversary of the organization of this society. In the morning the pastor will give a special address and in the evening, at 6.30 o'clock, addresses and reports by the members will be given. A cordial invitation is extended to all.
=Edward C. Smith, the colored man who burglarized the house of Major Bacon, some months ago, and was tracked in Boston and arrested, plead guilty in court yesterday, and was sentenced on several counts, the aggregate being about eleven years. He is of the criminal class, having several aliases, and has long been known as a thief by the police.
=Last evening the recently organized Arlington Brass Band gave a concert in Town Hall, assisted by local and other talent, presenting a program of real excellence, which was carried out to the credit of all. The band played well, in all the numbers, but number three, where Mr. Mann had a baritone solo, seemed to be the best in time, tune and effect. Miss Annie A. Fyne was well received and rendered her numbers so as to secure hearty encores, to which she responded with bright and witty short selections. Miss Nellie V. Parker has a full soprano voice pleasing in quality, of good range, and last evening evidenced careful training in her use of the same. She won encores. The Handel Quartette is a local organization, the members residing at Arlington Heights, and their singing was received with high favor and the singers given an encore. The place of the cornet solo on the program was filled, in the absence of Mr. Scarlet, by Miss Millward, who charmed all by her handling of her cornet. The concert was a success in everything but attendance. Instead of crowding the hall to the door, as should have been the case as an encouragement to the band, the hall was no more than two-thirds full. The following is the programme:
1. March, "Sigfried," Wagner. Band.
2. Song, "Arlon Waltz," Vogel. Handel Male Quartette.
3. Stella Polka, R. J. Herndon. Baritone solo with Band accompaniment.
4. Reading, "Lily Servo's Ride," Alton W. Tourgee. Band.
5. Overture, "Bridal Rose," C. Lavasseur. Band.
6. Song, "My Dearest Heart," Sullivan. Miss Nellie V. Parker.
7. Cornet Solo, Miss Millward.
8. Song, "Away to the Future," White. Handel Male Quartette.
9. Clarinet Solo, Home, Sweet Home, with var., F. C. Clark.
10. Selection, "a. Prayer from der Freischutz," Von Weber.
11. Reading, "Banford's Bargain Alarm," Anon. Miss Annie A. Fyne.
12. Selection, "Magnolia Serenade," Jean Misseud. Band.
13. Waltz Song, "Fleeting Days," Bailey. Miss Nellie V. Parker.
14. Waltz, "Trinity Song," Misseud. Band.
=The exhibition of china painting by Miss Ella W. Russell, proved one of the more notable events of the week, locally, and attracted an unusually large number of people prominent in all the social interests of the town, besides the large number who visited the display from an interest in various branches of artistic work. The exhibition took place yesterday afternoon, at the residence of Mr. Walter Russell, on Arlington Avenue, and the two rooms on the easterly side of the house were devoted to the beautiful display. Miss Russell is certainly an example of what perseverance and industry can accomplish when coupled with talent and taste, and her work reflects great credit on her ability as an artist and designer in this special line of artistic decoration. The exhibition was far beyond, in interest and workmanship, anything we had anticipated, and included a great variety of designs, especially profuse in flowers. The arrangement and choice of flowers for the different articles were chosen with an innate perception of their fitness, and the result was certainly gratifying in no small measure. The extent of the exhibition will be realized perhaps when it is stated that the piano held beautiful large pieces, conspicuous among which was a punch bowl decorated with purple grapes, the mantle displayed a row of vases in different shapes and designs and a couple

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
UNLIKE ANY OTHER.
As much For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL USE.
Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810
Positively cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Scalds, Lambs Back and Soreness in Body or Limbs. Stops inflammation in Cuts, Burns, and Bruises. Relieves all cramps and Chills like magic. Sold everywhere. Price 25cts. 6 bottles \$2. Express paid. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
of small tables in this front room held platters of varied sizes, painted in lovely designs. In the rear room the large dining table was completely covered with fruit plates, platters, bone dishes and other elegant and dainty articles for table service, while the side-board and mantles and a table held cracker jars, vases, pitchers and jugs, fruit cups and other dainty knick-knacks swelling the exhibition to large proportions. We counted as correctly as possible some eighty different pieces. A small table in this room held some charming novelties painted in water colors appropriate for the holidays. The exhibition bore the fruits of its merits in the large number of orders taken for duplicates of the articles shown and Miss Russell's success in this respect is far beyond anything anticipated by her, but is none the less deserving.
ARLINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.
Public Documents Received.
Fourth annual convention of Factory Inspectors of North America, Aug. 27-30, 1890.
Acts and Resolves, 1890.
Journal of the House of Representatives, 1890.
Journal of the Senate, 1890.
250th anniversary of the first white settlement within the territory of Winchester. July 4, 1890.
N. Y. Cornell University register, 1889-90.
Pa. Annual announcement of the Woman's Medical College of Pa. May, 1890.
Report of the Secretary of the Johnstown Flood Relief Commission.
University of Pa. Catalogue and announcements, 1889-90.
U. S. English-Eskimo and Eskimo-English vocabularies. Comp. by Roger Wells, Jr. and J. W. Kelly.
Reports.
Bureau of animal industry, 1887-8.
Consular reports, April-Sept. 1890.
Index to v. 18-31.
Secretary of Agriculture, 1889.
Special Consular reports.
Carpet manufacture in foreign countries.
Files in Spanish America.
Nov. 21, 1890.
THIS ad has nothing to do with this ad, except to attract attention. Send me your address for descriptive circulars of the NEW BOSTON GRIP SACK, also my Compact Home for Sportsmen. CAPT. E. D. BEAN, BOX 46, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, MASS.
BOYLE Brothers. Ladies' and Gentlemen's CREDIT. Clothing.
We carry all our goods in stock ready for delivery, a fact that is appreciated by our customers, who are not obliged to go to other stores with orders.
In our Ladies' Dress Department may be found all the latest styles in Plaids, Stripes, Cashmere, Henrietta silk and Satin. We also make Suits and Tea Gowns to order, from all fabrics, at less price than is usually charged for the material. We guarantee perfect satisfaction.
Our Fall and Winter Stock is now complete, embracing full line of Jackets in all styles, Wraps, Newmarkets, Capes, Miseses' and Children's Cloaks, from 4 years to 18 years, at prices varying according to quality.
We carry a full line of best London Dye, and it would be difficult to detect the difference between them and the seal. Made tight-fitting.
We have Capes in all the leading Furs, including Astrachan, Beaver, Mink, Monkey, Sealskin, Wool Seal and Kramer. Made with Shawl Collar, half-light fitting.
TERMS:
We will sell you any of the above goods, including Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing, on Credit, with a small deposit and balance in weekly payments.
Free Fare to out-of-town Customers.
Send for Catalogue. Open Evenings.
Boyle Bros. CREDIT HOUSE, 851 to 855 Washington Street, Between Hollis and Dover sts., South End. BOSTON, MASS. 14nov14
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Full Dress Suits
Are the latest sensation for evening costume, the only variation allowed being in the matter of Necktie and Vest, which are sometimes black and sometimes white.
FULL SUIT, \$20.00 TO \$35.00. COAT AND VEST \$15.00 to \$30.00.
"Commonwealth" Clothing House, Cor. Washington and Kneeland St., Boston.
Quincy Mutual Fire Ins. Co.
Cash Fund, Jan. 1, 1889, \$575,899.30 Dividends paid on every expiring policy; 60 per cent on 5 years, 40 per cent on 3 years, and 20 per cent on all others.
Surplus over Re-insurance, \$338,716.77
Gain in Cash Fund the past year, \$23,417.33
Gain in Cash Surplus the past year, \$16,685.77
And Every Loss Paid in Full.
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Also, Agt. for the Etna, Hartford, Conn., Merriam, Andover, Mass., and others as broker OFFICES: Central st., Winchester, and No. 194 Washington street, Boston, room 19. A postal or letter sent to either place, will receive prompt attention.
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Rochester German Ins. Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Worcester Mutual Fire Ins. Co., Worcester.
Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Salem.
Phoenix Assurance Co., Newark, N. J.
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\*Return premium 70 % on 5 year policies.
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance placed in all responsible Companies having business in this State.
ANY ONE
Wanting a Calf Leg Boot that is warm, fits well and looks as neat as lighter ones, should try a pair of our Felt-Lined Water-Proof Boots.
They will wear better and give more satisfaction than any other boot in the market.
RUBBERS! RUBBERS! RUBBERS! Warm Goods. Warm Goods. COME AND LOOK AT OUR DIFFERENT KINDS.
TURNER & CO., 136 & 164 COURT ST., BOSTON. G. E. TURNER, Sept 13th ORAN BROWN.
E. O. SIMONDS, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, Contracting and building on a new basis, viz.: By the per cent., which insures perfect satisfaction to the owner. Estimating done on plans for those who prefer the old to the new method of building. Plans and specification furnished when desired.
N. B.—All bills for jobbing due at the end of each month.
Residence fourth house on Warren St., from Medford St. 19sept16m
TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GESE, AND SEASONABLE GAME, CRANBERRIES, GRAPES, NUTS, ETC.,
F. P. WINNS Pleasant Street Market. Canned Goods of every sort. Apples by the barrel.
FINE BUTTER IN 5 AND 10 POUND BOXES. BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, ETC.
Rapid Cures. West End Street Railway Co. TIME TABLE.
Cars LEAVE ARLINGTON for Bowdoin Square, Boston, at 5.47 a. m., and every half hour until 10.17 p. m. RETURN from Bowdoin Square at 5.40 a. m., and every half hour until 11.10 p. m.
Tournout, Pleasant St. Winter street, Railroad Crossing, Henderson street, Arlington House, Tannery st., No. Cam. Franklin street, Railroad Crossing, Wyman street, North Ave. Stables, Tufts Street.
Stops will not be made at Wyman st., or Tannery st., unless there are passengers to enter or leave the cars.
SUNDAYS. LEAVE ARLINGTON at 8.17 a. m., and every half hour until 10.17 p. m. On pleasant Sundays after 11.17 a. m., cars will leave at 11.37 and every 10 minutes until 9.47 p. m., and then 10.17 p. m. RETURN from Bowdoin Square 50 minutes later.
F. H. MONKS, Gen'l Manager
WANTED,—at once, a domestic to do general housework. Apply to MRS. CHAS. GOTT, Medford street.



**LEXINGTON**  
**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**  
Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

—The Male Chorus met as usual on Friday for their rehearsal.

—The Selectmen held their business meeting in Town Hall, Thursday afternoon.

—There are various changes in the advertising columns which will be well to note.

—This afternoon the King's Daughters meet with Mrs. B. C. Rankin, on Main street.

—The gates at the railroad crossing on Revere street have been put in place and are now in working order. Sydney Butters has been appointed gateman.

—Rev. Carlton A. Staples gave an address Sunday evening on John Howard and Mrs. Fry, and their work in prisons among criminals.

—We are informed Miss Devoll was unable to obtain as large a class as she desired, in dancing so gave up the plan of having a school here this season.

—The contract for hauling brick for the new school building has been awarded to Mr. Frank Peabody the proprietor of the Lexington coal yards, near the centre station.

—Sunday was such a beautiful day a number of visitors were attracted to Lexington and the Massachusetts House entertained a number of transient guests at dinner.

—Next Sunday being the one previous to Thanksgiving Day the annual collection for the poor connected with the different religious organizations will be taken up in the churches.

—Wm. Glenn has improved the bad section of the main street in front of Jackson's market by filling the road in front of the market with several loads of loose gravel.

—A special service has been planned to take place at the Baptist church on Sunday next. A company of children from the "Little Wanderers' Home," Boston, are to be present and take part in the service.

—A. C. Washburn, is building a new barn for Hon. A. E. Scott, on his farm on Waltham street. The dimensions of the building is to be 50x40 feet. We understand Mr. Scott will erect a residence close by next spring.

—The local Chautauqua Circle met with Mrs. Alfred Pierce, at her home in East Lexington, Monday afternoon. The circle is reading English history together with the current articles in the Chautauquan magazine.

—Next Sunday evening, at seven o'clock, there will be a vesper service in the Baptist church, to which the public are cordially invited. The program will be under the direction of the choir of the church.

—Rev. L. B. Hatch, of the Baptist church has been ill with a severe cold and in consequence was unable to take charge of the services at his church, on Sunday last. His absence was supplied by a divinity student.

—The ladies of the Monday Club held their afternoon meeting on Monday with Mrs. M. H. Merriam, at her home on Hancock street. A bright paper was read by Mrs. F. E. Tufts on "Art," in connection with the readings of the club on French history and literature.

—Beware of hen thieves. They are plying their nefarious trade with diligence in this vicinity. Last Friday night, Nov. 14, Lyman Estabrooks had thirty fowls stolen from his henries on his farm in the southern part of the town.

—The perambulation of the town commenced Tuesday, the bounds being established between Bedford and Lexington in the morning, and Burlington in the afternoon. Wednesday the boundaries between our town and Arlington were traversed, and on Thursday Waltham and Lincoln were duly visited and the limits reestablished.

—A large circle of friends have welcomed Mr. Harry W. Davis back to his boyhood home, this week, after an absence in Chicago where he has been in business for some time. A few years ago Mr. Davis was prominent in base ball matters, being a member of the Lexington Base Ball Club at its organization.

—One day during this fall the Skelton brothers were digging potatoes in a field near their home in Burlington, close by Vine brook, on what is known as the Carter farm, when one of them turned up a ring of curious design. On closer inspection it was found to be an old fashioned "mourning ring" worn in old times in memory of departed friends. The ring is of fine gold and in the centre is a white crystal through which can be seen, with a magnifying glass, a skull and cross-bones while on either side of it are diamonds set down in the ring in oxidized silver. The rest of the space on the outside of the ring bears an in-

scription in raised letters as follows:—"Abigail Haywood, died 1760, Jan. 9th, aged 81 years." It is evident that the ring was filled with black enamel which would throw the inscription in bold relief and make a unique and quite elegant design for a ring of this description. Those who desire can see the curious relic by a visit to the home of Mrs. Bradford Skelton, in Burlington.

—The Tourist Club met Monday afternoon with Miss Brooks on Broomfield street. Edinburg and this old Scottish city, rich in its historic and literary interest, made a subject full of attractive information. One of the principal themes in this respect was Sir Walter Scott, the great author, who has done more than any other influence to make the city famous. The club will meet next Monday with Miss Davis, on Muzzey street.

—It is a coincidence worthy of note that it so happened Mr. Webster Smith, of the Lexington Board of Selectmen, and Mr. O. J. Lane, of the same board in Bedford, were the officers to inspect the lines between the two towns on Tuesday, when the semi-decade perambulation of Lexington was commenced by the Selectmen. These two officers performed a like duty together when they were serving their towns in a like capacity, thirty years ago.

—Mr. Mills, surveyor for the County Commissioners, has been in town this week with his instruments, and has run a line and set stakes on Hancock street, for the straightening and widening of the street after the plan contemplated for some time, and as laid out by the commissioners. Surveys were also made at this time establishing the limits of Elm avenue. It was understood that no action had been taken as yet to carry out the provisions of the proposed improvements. The stakes, which show the lines of the survey, are a practical illustration of the effect it would have on many of the estates on the street and the loss of shade trees it would entail should the street be remodelled after the proposed plan.

—The walls of the new Hancock school are creeping upward, the work being pushed forward as fast as the weather permits. The first plan of having the lower part of the first story of field stone has been abolished and the committee has decided to have the entire building of brick with stone trimmings. The building will have a less picturesque effect but, will doubtless (as the committee has decided) be stronger and more durable built of the one material. The grounds in the vicinity of the building present a business-like aspect with its piles of brick and lumber, housed by temporary coverings to protect them from the weather, and the force of men following their busy avocations, at work in and about the building, on the masonry or carpentry.

—Under cover of the severe rain storm and the darkness, Monday night, a daring burglary was successfully carried out in the centre of the town, on Main street, in the most thickly settled portion, showing that the marauders will not stop at any difficulties to compass their evil ends. The victim this time was Lyman Lawrence, his hardware store and harness maker's shop in Hunts' Block being the plundered premises referred to. Some time during the night an entrance was gained to the store by means of a small cellar window in the westerly corner of the building, but which was nailed down and covered with a wire screen. Some noise must necessarily have been made to remove these obstacles, and one of the family in the next house was probably awakened by this sound, but on getting up and looking out of the window nothing was to be seen, the darkness acting as a cover to the movements of the burglars. After getting through the window the trap door which closed the entrance to the cellar from the main floor had to be opened, and as it was strongly secured from above and there happened to be on it a keg of nails, and several other articles, it will be readily seen that the thieves had no small job to gain an entrance to the store. It is evident the safe under the main counter, was the first object of investigation by them. It was opened by boring a five-eighths hole about one half inch to the left of the dial plate of the combination, by a tool used to make a thread in a hole for the placing of a screw. This little instrument was turned in so as to force all the works of the combination, crowding out the fire proof brick and the other mechanism, and thus making it possible to turn the handle and open the safe. The metal box was taken with its contents. It was locked, and no attempt was made to open the same on the premises. The box contained money, insurance and other papers, etc. The money in this, and the small sum of silver taken from the desk, would make the money loss \$75.00, and this is probably the full amount of the plunder which would be available to the burglars, for if they tried to realize on the papers it would probably lead to their capture and conviction. The day before strange parties were noted about town and it is evident

they must have made a careful study of the premises to so cleverly find out such a roundabout means of gaining an entrance to the store. Since the above was written the metal box has been found and the paper of special importance found with it. It was forced open and thrown away back of Mr. Willard Walcott's stables on Muzzey street.

—Mr. E. T. Morrell, of Nashua, N. H., has moved into the house owned by Mr. Geo. E. Muzzey, on Mt. Vernon street.

—Michael Miner was arrested on Sunday for drunkenness. In the Concord police court the following day he was fined five dollars.

—The plank walks have been laid down this week, on the common in season for the inclement weather of the winter months.

—There is no improvement in Dr. Tilton's case this week, and at time of writing he was confined to his bed, the rheumatism having concentrated in his eyes, causing much suffering.

—The exhibition of the Hayes chrysanthemums at the recent show in Horticultural Hall, Boston, were very appropriately massed under the picture of the late Francis B. Hayes, which hangs in the hall.

—The Selectmen have improved Main street by having the town street scraper go over the same from the junction of the street with the Arlington line to the common, and thus clearing the gutters of the dead leaves and refuse matter which has accumulated the past season.

—The Woman's Relief Corps met Wednesday afternoon in G. A. R. Hall. No business of importance was transacted. The election of officers occurs at the next meeting, Dec. 3d, and not at the last meeting as we were informed and so stated last week. Installation is set down for the latter part of December.

—A horse owned by Mr. Moody, who resides on Adams street, was frightened by the cars one day this week in the vicinity of the station and ran away, but did no damage. The driver was knocked down in trying to capture the animal, but escaped any injury.

—The memorial address delivered at the funeral of the late, Rev. Adin Ballou, of Mendon, N. H., Aug. 24th, 1890, by Rev. Carlton A. Staples, of this town, has been published in neat pamphlet form of eight pages. Mr. Ballou was Mr. Staples' old pastor in his boyhood home and the love and respect in which he held the deceased is fully illustrated by the contents of the little volume.

—The Union service on Thanksgiving day, next Thursday, the 20th, will be held in the First Parish church, at eleven o'clock. All the pastors of the Protestant churches of the town will participate in the exercises and the service promises to be of more than usual interest, especially if the proposed program is carried out as anticipated. Each church is expected to contribute a large delegation to the audience, and in this case the service will be a fitting observance of the day.

—Any form of entertainment which recalls yesterdays is always sure to meet with a full patronage and the popular recognition of the public. Thus it was not surprising that the entertainment which was given last evening, under the auspices of a committee of the First Parish, was such a signal success in point of attendance and financially, and proved so heartily enjoyable. The entertainment was given in Town Hall and consisted of a representation of an old fashioned "Deestriet Schule," with the pupils, (which were prominent citizens of the town, mostly middle aged,) all attired in the quaint garments worn by school children some sixty years ago and some even further back than this date, and the appearance they presented in these ludicrous garments can better be imagined than described. What made it more amusing was the recognition of well known people who were almost completely disguised in the juvenile attire assumed and whose aspect was familiar, yet not familiar in their get up, but altogether laughable, as they were distinguished among their "schule mates." The program was quite a feature of the affair, printed on brown paper with the old time style of spelling used in its composition, and the bright hits, to say nothing of the list of names of the pupils it bore remarkable for their length, spelling and unpronounceableness. As the school mistress (Miss Brigham, hired to conduct the affair) rung the bell for opening school, the children (?) trooped in pell mell and took their seats on the platform. The twins (Mrs. Geo. Jones and A. S. Mitchell) were late and their tardy appearance naturally created a sensation. Squire Tugwell (Geo. C. Goodwin), Parson Doolittle and wife (A. S. Parsons and Mrs. Geo. O. Davis), and Squire Hogenpogen (Geo. O. Whiting), were present as visitors to assist at the exercises of the closing of the school, a final address being given by Squire Tugwell, making a bright conclusion to the affair. With considerable difficulty, so complete was the disguise in some cases, we made out the following list of those who took part:—

Miss Elizabeth Harrington, Mrs. Geo. O. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Bennink, R. P. Clapp, Esq., and Mrs. Clapp, Mrs. Geo. W.


Taylor, H. G. Locke, Mr. and Mrs. Hammon Reed, Chas. Davis (colored boy), A. S. Mitchell (the baby), Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Maynard, H. W. Davis, C. A. Fowle, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Francis Ballard, Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Wm. H. Smith, Mrs. Geo. Jones, James Crane.

These people were divided into classes and recited spelling, grammar, reading and arithmetic in an entirely novel way, getting in many a point at the expense of well known people and institutions. The recitations and compositions were given in a laughable manner and all the salient points of an old deestriet schule were carried out, not forgetting to pass the water at recess. The following is the program of special parts:—

Composition, "The dog," Mrs. Geo. W. Taylor; declamation, L. E. Bennink; composition, "Courage," Hammon Reed; recitation, "You can scarce expect," A. S. Mitchell; composition, "A letter," R. P. Clapp; dialogue, Mrs. Whiting and Jas. Crane; declamation, H. G. Locke; composition, "The horse," H. W. Davis; recitation, "School is done," Mrs. Reed.

—Mrs. Margaret M. Hayes, widow of the late Hon. Francis B. Hayes, of "Oakmount," Lexington, died early Thursday morning, at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, where she has been suffering a painful illness for some weeks. Mrs. Hayes' condition has been so critical for a month past that reports have been circulated of her death, so that when the actual announcement was received of her decease it came as no surprise to her many friends and neighbors of our old town, for which she always retained such a strong affection. Mrs. Hayes was born Aug. 23, 1823, and was the daughter of Gen. Wm. H. Marriott and Jane McKim Marriott, of Baltimore. Gen. Marriott was collector of the port of Baltimore, during President Polk's administration, and was Speaker of the Maryland House of Representatives when Lafayette was last in this country, entertaining Lafayette as his guest in Baltimore. Mrs. Hayes was twice married, her first husband being Mr. James H. Wilson, of Baltimore, by whom she leaves two daughters, Mrs. Chas. T. Howard and Mrs. Chas. H. Pitts, and a son, Alderman William Power Wilson of Boston. Some time after the decease of her husband she married, June 2, 1860, Mr. Hayes, and from this union a son, who bore his father's name, was born. Mr. Hayes was a great lover of horticulture, and this trait was strongly marked in his wife, which is fully exemplified by the establishment of their elegant estate, where everything that is rare in plants and flowers is displayed in profusion. Mr. Hayes died Sept., 1884, and since then his widow has resided in Lexington in the summer season, her winters being generally spent in foreign travel. Mr. Hayes prior to his death, had been president of the Mass. Horticultural Society, for some years, and since then there has scarcely been even a weekly show of flowers on its tables, but what Mrs. Hayes has been represented by some choice specimens. She obtained one of the two gold medals given by this society for the cultivation of rhododendrons. Only last season when she was suffering from illness, she entertained at Oakmount, the Amer. Florists' Assn., which was meeting in convention in Boston. Her contributions to the Lexington churches were liberal both in money and flowers, all denominations sharing alike and all have cause to feel grateful to her, while hundreds of poor families here and in Boston will deeply feel the loss of one who had so often and unostentatiously assisted them in their extreme need.

**Lexington Cary Library.**  
Books added October, 1890.  
Anglomaniacs, The. YF An44  
Ascutey Street.  
A. D. T. Whitney. YF W61a  
Aztec Land. M. M. Ballou. G92 B21  
Bostonians, The. H. J. James. YF J343bo  
Bow of Orange Ribbon.  
A. E. Barr. YF B27bo  
Burke, Edmund. Works. Vol. Y B915  
6. Miscellaneous speeches.  
Chelsea, Mass. Proceedings at the dedication of the new library building, 1885. ZR74 P94  
Citizens of Bonaparte. E J773ib  
A. L. Imbert de St-Amand. Civil Government in the U. S. J74 F54  
Collected Writings. J. T. De Quincy. Vol. II. Y D443  
Dauvers Jewels and Sir Charles Danvers, The. YF D238  
Economic and Social History of N. E. 1620 1789. 2 v. F75 W415  
Far-west Sketches. J. B. Frémont. F88 F886  
Following the Guidon. E. B. Custer. F853 C964  
History of U. S. of Amer. during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. H. Adams. F743 Ad11  
Keats, J., Life of. W. M. Rossetti. E K22r  
Literary Landmarks. M. E. Burt. IK B95  
Miss Willowburns' Offer. S. Doudney. YF D724m  
Mungo Park and the Niger. J. Thomson. G66 T38  
On the Hills. F. Starr. MC S225  
Part of the Property. B. Whitby. YF W579p  
Phantom Rickshaw. R. Nepling. YF K626ph  
Plain Tales from the Hills. R. Nepling. YF K626pl  
Scotland, Story of. J. Mackintosh. F37 M21  
Soldiers Three. R. Nepling. YF K626s  
Tale of the House of the Wolfings. A. W. Morris. YF M831t  
Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson. C. J. Woodbury. E Em34w  
Under False Colors. S. Doudney. YF D724um  
U. S., the Curious in U. S. History. M. Townsend. F74 T66



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**Let Me Go Up.**  
Let me not up.  
By falsely not-power, or ravenous greed,  
By sharply encroaching some sufferer's  
need.  
And making hearts ache and aching hearts  
bleed.  
Let me not up.  
With stolen deights, or ill gotten gain,  
On ladders of pleasure elusive and vain,  
And follies that prison and passions that  
chain.  
Let me not up.  
Brushing the bloom from innocent youth,  
Painting false pictures and calling them  
truth,  
And leaving life's ruin in place of its ruth.  
Let me go up.  
Ennobled and strong, because on the height,  
Where eager eyes gaze, are beauty and light,  
And my soul is ablaze with the halcyon sight.  
Let me go up.  
And hinder me not. Though crippled I  
climb,  
I've a right to the far away hills of the time,  
When effort is holy and success is sublime.  
Let me go up.  
With panoplied faith, because as I go  
I may quendon some sorrow, soften some  
woe.  
And comfort some heart with the hope that  
I know.  
Let me go up.  
Undaunted and bold, because as I stand  
I may reach to some other the snoring  
hand.  
And forge a new link in humanity's band.  
—[Birch Arnold, in Chicago Herald.]

## THE SILVER WEDDING.

John Bodkins was a journeyman silver-plater by trade, and his back was bent, and his shoulders rounded by the thirty-five years of hard labor at his calling.

But John and his wife, both being sociable bodies, had hosts of friends, and so had pretty Margery, their fair and only daughter.

"Then you think we had better have the silver wedding, wife?" said John one night, as he sat down to his cozy supper-table, presided over by sweet Margery.

"I think so, John. Our friends urge it, and it would be nice to have a few pieces of real silver instead of so much plated trumpery. Then how nice, too, to commemorate our twenty-five years of happy married life. A quarter of a century—just think of it!"

"Yes," said John, turning his tea into his saucer in true unconventional style; "and it has passed quickly and happily, too."

So it was forthwith settled that the silver wedding of John Bodkins and wife should come off on the following Thursday, June 25.

Mrs. Bodkins went to work to set her house in order for the reception of her dear friends.

Black Jane was called in, and such a baking, and broiling, and stewing—such a compounding of sweets, such a chopping of savory messes, was never known before in the Bodkins cottage; and more delightful odors than stole from the doors and windows of that envied abode never before greeted the olfactory organs of the passer-by.

Margery, though the acknowledged beauty of the little town was simple, artless and modest. Her task now was to sweep, dust and arrange the parlor, as well as superintend the making of the new white muslin dress and blue overskirt with bretelles that was to grace her person on the night of the silver wedding.

"I hope our friends won't impoverish themselves, John," said Mrs. Bodkins, as in a flutter she dressed herself in her best and only black silk. "None of them are rich, you know, and some little article, if of no more value than a silver thimble, will be acceptable from each, I'm sure, as long as they're the real stuff."

"I don't much care, Naney, whether they bring anything or not, as long as you and Madge enjoy yourselves. As for me I am as happy as a lark, silver or no silver, with a good prospect of having my wages raised, for"—and here John turned squarely round from shaving himself, razor in hand, to give force to his words—"the boss tells me that business is looking up; there was a perfect rush yesterday and to-day for plated ware, especially table ware, and if this keeps on we'll soon make a corner in castors."

"Don't mention castors, John. I hope, in mercy, our friends will omit them in their donations tonight, we've got six treble-plated ones and four commoner ones; a surfeit anyhow; although I shouldn't mind a pair of real silver beauties!"

"Mother, I'm ready," said Margery, as she presented herself at the door of her mother's room, and a prettier picture one might travel miles to see. Her rippling blonde hair fell in waves down her fair shoulders and her violet eyes, the wells of perfect innocence, brimmed over with merry mischief.

"Peter, the boss' son, is coming over tonight, Midget," (John's pet name for his darling.)

Margery blushed rosy red.  
"I wonder at your inviting one so far above us in station, papa."

"I didn't invite him. He invited himself. He said it was proper he should add his mite, and in return he should expect a change at one of Dame Bodkin's famous suppers, and a first turn in the dance with my pretty Margery."

Margery disappeared below stairs with a bright flush in her cheeks, and a happy beating at her heart that she had never felt before. Peter Downing was her beau ideal of what a man should be. Handsome, and polished, as well as noble and manly.

He had called at the cottage at times, on errands for his father, but never had entered the house as a visitor.

"To-night," whispered Margery, softly to her kitten, "he will be our guest."

The evening of the eventful day came at last, and brought with it the rush of expected friends, each bringing with him or her, a mysterious parcel, carefully wrapped up out of sight, which was deposited on a long table, covered with a white cloth, in the back sitting-room, for the reception of said articles.

After two or three simple dances, a great amount of laughing and chatting, and a supper fit for a king, came the unveiling.

To Deacon Pryor's wife and Aunt Jane Bodkins was accorded the honor of unpinning or untying the wrappers, while at a given signal each article was to greet the light and shine forth in all its refulgent splendor.

At this important crisis the company, which was a large one, was arranged in groups about the rooms, the Bodkins family holding the place of honor under the looking-glass in the front parlor, much after the fashion at funerals.

Mrs. B's. tell-tale eyes and fidgety ways denoted delighted expectancy! Bodkins, on the contrary, was calm and unruffled, with a half-born smile on his lips. Acknowledging smile, in fact, as if he felt himself to be wiser than his guests. Margery, pretty Margery, was happy in the company of Peter, who paid her as much attention as if she had been a high-born lady. Had he not looked lovingly into her eyes? Had he not pressed her hand gently in the dance, and sighed when she bestowed a look upon another?

Aunt Bodkins rapped three times upon the table with her cane to enforce silence, and, presto! change! the white wrappers fell to the floor with a rustle.

Every eye was fixed upon the table; each guest anxious to see what the other had brought; and said eyes were greeted with a dazzling stream of silvery brightness.

"John," whispered Mrs. Bodkins, as she, pale as a sheet, held on to his arm with a grip; "they've all brought castors."

"Yes, Naney, and plated ones at that," his smile bursting into an audible laugh.

"How do you know, John?" said Mrs. B., between her tightly closed teeth.

"Because they all came from our place, and a better finished article never went out of a shopdoor."

Yes, there they stood in a row, thirty-seven castors, seven ladles and twenty saucers, with two sets of real silver spoons, and a daintily-carved silver jewel box, the gift of Peter!

Surprise and mortification reigned supreme among the assembled guests.

"Talk of coincidences," mused they, "did ever anything beat this?"

They were thinking where to hide their diminished heads, when Mr. Peter Downing rose to address the assembly!

"My dear host and hostess, and fellow-citizens in general—I can truly say this is the happiest evening of my life. Not only am I here to confer an honor on an honorable and trustworthy man (Mr. Bodkins), but to humbly ask a favor of him, the answer to which will effect my whole life to joy or sorrow. To-morrow my aged father retires from business and I am to take his place, and, at his request, install our worthy host, Mr. Bodkins, in his place as partner! And I am glad to see" pointing to the table, "that my future partner has some stock of his own to begin business with."

"Now, to be serious, I would humbly ask you, Mr. and Mrs. Bodkins, for the hand of your charming daughter, Margery. I have loved her many years and have reason to think my love is reciprocated. I await the verdict!"

The surprised and grateful Bodkins, entered on his new duties humbly but with dignity.

Mrs. Bodkins forgot her disappointment, in the thought that she was the

wife of a man in "business for himself," and mother-in-law in prospect to another, and that one, the owner of half the real estate in the village.

Margery was happy because she was about to marry the man she loved with all her heart, at Christmas, and as the Christmas bells have long ago stopped ringing we know the bride is sheltered and happy.—[New York Weekly.]

### Climate of Southern California.

Winter as we understand it east of the Rockies does not exist. I scarcely know how to divide the seasons. There are at most but three. Spring may be said to begin with December and end in April; summer, with May (whose days, however, are often cooler than those of January), and end with September; while October and November are a mild autumn, when nature takes a partial rest, and the leaves of the deciduous trees are gone. But how shall we classify a climate in which the strawberry (none yet in my experience equal to the Eastern berry) may be eaten in every month of the year, and ripe figs may be picked from July to March?

What shall I say of a frost (an affair of only an hour just before sunrise) which is hardly anywhere severe enough to disturb the delicate heliotrope, and even in the deepest valleys where it may chill the orange, will respect the bloom of that fruit on contiguous ground fifty or a hundred feet higher? We boast about many things in the United States, about our blizzards and our cyclones, our inundations and our areas of low pressure, our hottest and our coldest places in the world, but what can we say for this little corner which is practically frostless, and yet never had a sunstroke, knows nothing of thunderstorms and lightning, never experienced a cyclone, which is so warm that the year round one is tempted to live out-of-doors, and so cold that woollen garments are never uncomfortable?

Nature here, in this protected and petted area, has the knack of being genial without being enervating, of being stimulating without "bracing" a person into the tomb. I think it conducive to equanimity of spirit and to longevity to sit in an orange grove and eat the fruit and inhale the fragrance of it while gazing upon a snow mountain.—[Harper's Magazine.]

### Lincoln's Habits.

The President rose early, as his sleep was light and capricious. In the summer, when he lived at the Soldiers' Home, he would take his frugal breakfast and ride into town in time to be at his desk at eight o'clock. He began to receive visitors nominally at ten o'clock, but long before that hour struck the doors were besieged by anxious crowds, through whom the people of importance, senators and members of congress, elbowed their way after the fashion which still survives.

On days when the cabinet met, Tuesdays and Fridays, the hour of noon closed the interviews of the morning. On other days it was the President's custom, at about that hour, to order the doors to be opened and all who were waiting to be admitted.

At luncheon time he had literally to run the gauntlet through the crowds who filled the corridors between his office and the rooms at the west end of the house occupied by his family. The afternoon wore away in much the same manner as the morning, late in the day he usually drove out for an hour's airing; at six o'clock he dined.

He was one of the most abstemious of men; the pleasures of the table had few attractions for him. His breakfast was an egg and a cup of coffee; at luncheon he rarely took more than a biscuit and a glass of milk, a plate of fruit in its season; at dinner he ate sparingly of one or two courses. He drank little or no wine; not that he remained always on principle a total abstainer, as he was a part of his early life in the fervor of the "Washingtonian" reform; but he never cared for wine or liquors of any sort, and never used tobacco.

### His Wife's Art.

Bachelor—Still growing over your domestic excesses. Haven't you often said that your wife can make a dollar go further than any other woman you know?

Benedict—(gloomily)—That's the trouble. She makes a dollar go so infernally far that I never hear of it again.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

### Out in the Rain.

"Don't you take your cows in at night, Mr. Darcy?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"I thought from the way your milk looks and tastes they might have been in the rain all night.—[Philadelphia Times.]

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### SHE WRITES FOUR NOVELS A YEAR.

Mary E. Ryan, who is under contract to write a novel every three months and has fulfilled it for the past three years, went to Atlanta in June to look after her farm, which is covered with grapes and cotton. When this spry little woman makes up her mind to do a thing she does it in what the tactician calls double-quick time. This year her cotton was the first baled in the State of Georgia.—[Chicago Post.]

### SUITABLE FOR SLENDER WOMEN.

Paniers and other Louis XVI. draperies are doing their best to become a recognized feature of prevailing fashion. These are very becoming to women of slender build if the side draperies are not carried beyond the bounds of common sense. Bodices differing in their style of trimming on each side of the front are still very general, and not a few modistes ornament the backs of corsets as fully as the front, but only a very straight and upright back and a very slight figure can bear any such elaboration.

### MAKERS OF TIN SOLDIERS.

At Nuremberg, in Germany, thousands of women are employed in the manufacture of tin soldiers, those gaudy, pugnacious looking little toys that find their way into every home that has a small boy. Their work consists in painting the uniforms of the tiny warriors, which are placed in rows of a dozen in a wooden groove. When one side is dressed the frame is turned and the painter lays on the back of the uniform, boots and helmet. She is compelled to provide her own brush and colors and she works eleven hours a day for a sum that averages about sixty cents a week.—[New York World.]

### VIOLINS FOR GIRLS.

The violin has now fairly taken its place as an instrument for girls. The only question, indeed, seems to be whether it is designed to supersede our old, but not invariably welcome friend, the pianoforte. We are reminded by an article from the pen of Mr. Joyce Barrett in the Woman's World that this, after all, only a revival, as we learn from figures in sculptured stone in our ancient cathedrals. St. Cecilia, moreover, is depicted by the old painters quite as often with a bowed instrument as seated at her traditional organ. The list of distinguished living lady violinists is very considerable. As to the common charge of "ungracefulness," Mr. Barrett "overrules it at once." Nothing more elegant than a good style of "bowing." Giving violin lessons is now notoriously one of the most profitable branches of the music mistresses' profession. As there is really more work than the good teachers can do it is not surprising to learn that there are many bad teachers who are supplying the deficiency after a fashion.—[London News.]

### LISLE THREAD GLOVES.

The lisle thread glove was formerly made in England, but the center of this large business has moved within the past few years from England to Saxony. England exports no more. Chemnitz is the great city for this industry. The silk and cassimere glove, as well as the lisle thread, are manufactured at Chemnitz. A great many of these Saxon-made gloves are imported every year. The labor employed in making the cheaper grades is one of the very lowest kind. The cotton gloves are made by women who earn no more than forty-five cents a week. The workers in the lisle thread, silk and cassimere gloves are paid about \$2.25 a week.

There is a kid glove—at least it is called a kid glove—that is made in Germany and called the Schmachan. In its manufacture the skins of still-born lambs are used and these skins are shipped to Germany from the Argentine Republic. These are the cheapest kind of kid gloves made excepting the twenty-five-cents-a-pair article prepared in Naples. These Schmachans are imported in quite large quantities and are sold in this country by the wholesale from \$6 to \$9 a dozen. They are worn by the poorer classes of people.—[Chicago Herald.]

### WINTER JACKETS.

The three-quarter length walking jacket is in the ascendant. It is double breasted in one model with rolling, notched collar. It ends in a shallow point back and front just below the waist line, and seamless coat skirts curved to fit over the hips are added. Five buttons are set on each side of the seam down the middle of the waist. Sleeves are easy fitting in coat shape.

A second stylish model has a jacket

back, fronts fitted without darts, fastening diagonally from left shoulder. The coat sleeves are covered with braiding, and a braided border finishes the edges of the collar and jacket.

Some of the jackets are severely plain, depending upon their fashioning, fabric and finish for their beauty. Others have vests fancifully designed, others again are elaborately trimmed with braiding or rich applique which looks like hand embroidery. That showing bits of plush or velvet skillfully meshed in the braiding to give the effect of silk embroidery on a plush ground is especially elegant.

Some jackets show vests and sleeves, others the fronts and some the entire jacket of cloth studded with bits of jet or steel that are riveted into the cloth. An elegant stone gray model is starred thus with cut steel points.—[Ladies' Home Companion.]

### FASHION NOTES.

Large fur muffs are again to form an important part of a lady's costume.

After a long absence, the turnover collar, somewhat curtailed, is coming back again.

Tissue paper is about the only material out of which shoulder capes will not be made.

White velvet in brocaded stripes make beautiful wedding gowns especially when made with the princess back.

The effort toward the revival of crinolines as yet is not very successful, as the long narrow skirts are still very much worn.

With the very long sleeves now fashionable, which literally come over the hands, short kid gloves have once more come into fashion.

Pretty cashmeres with dainty floral designs scattered over them are very stylish for house-gowns, and velvet will be the popular material for trimming them.

Bretelles of lace or embroidery are now on the bodices of dressy gowns, sloping in quite narrow at the waist, and broader at the shoulders to drop over full sleeves.

The newest feather trimming has numerous colored beads scattered over it, and will be used around the hems of flat skirts and in bands down the sides, as well as on the bodice.

For outdoor jackets three-quarter length is in use, made with added basques. A pretty example, double-breasted, is made with corduroy collars and cuffs, and lined with red silk. Some show military braidings.

Bright red silk boues are made with a yoke deeply pointed at the back, straight shirt sleeves, a turn-down collar and cuffs, feather-stitched with black silk or with color. Black lustrous silk boues have black velvet yokes, silk sleeves with velvet cuffs and a velvet girde.

The Louis XVIII. period fashions are beginning to achieve popularity, as instanced by the appearance recently of a light-blue satin gown sprinkled with imperial bees and with a trellis work of yellow leather-like galon about the skirt, and in the form of a girde at the waist.

Gowns are rendered more or less dressy by the kind of sleeves used with them, and economical ladies wear two or three pairs of sleeves to the same gown arranged so as to be easily adjusted. A plain gown with sleeves like the dress is shortened on occasion with braided sleeves for the street or with the new jet embroidered sleeves for a reception. In the centre of each square of jet is a small and sparkling steel star or a turquoise cabochon.

### Extraordinary Deaths.

Elphinstone died of a broken heart over the result of the battle of Flodden.

The Emperor Frederick III, and his son, Maximilian I., both died from eating too heartily of melons.

Nalenta, the Spanish theologian, died because he was accused by the pope of having falsified a passage in St. Augustine.

It is said that after Malherbe, the great French writer, had been dead over an hour, he raised the drapery and reproved one of the watchers for using a word that was hardly pure French.

Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by the enthusiastic reception accorded him on his first appearance in Naples that he literally died of joy before the conclusion of the evening's entertainment.

### A Wise Bird.

First Bird—"See that dog looking at us? He's a pointer, and a city sportsman is back there with a gun."

Second Bird (of several season's experience)—"My! my! that dog is in a dangerous position."—[Good News.]

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Giving the names and locations of Arlington and Lexington people doing business in Boston.

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### LOWELL SYSTEM.

On and after Oct. 13, 1890, trains will run as follows:

LEAVE Boston FOR Reformatory Station, at 7:50 a. m.; 1:35, 4:50, p. m.; Sundays, 12:50, p. m. Return at 8:40 a. m.; 12:30, 4:10, p. m.; Sunday 8:45 a. m.; 4:30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at 7:50 a. m.; 1:35, 4:50, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, p. m. Return at 8:40 a. m.; 12:30, 4:10, p. m.; Sunday 8:45 a. m.; 4:30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 6:45, 7:00, 7:50, 10:00, a. m.; 1:35, 4:50, 5:50, 6:00, 6:30, 10:15, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, 6:00, p. m. Return at 6:45, 7:00, 7:50, 10:00, a. m.; 1:35, 4:50, 5:50, 6:00, 6:30, 10:15, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, 6:00, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 6:00, 6:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:20, 9:05, 10:00, 10:50, a. m.; 1:20, 1:35, 2:50, 3:45, 4:25, 4:50, 5:25, 5:50, 6:00, 6:30, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:25, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, 6:00, p. m. Return at 6:00, 6:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:20, 9:05, 10:00, 10:50, a. m.; 1:20, 1:35, 2:50, 3:45, 4:25, 4:50, 5:25, 5:50, 6:00, 6:30, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:25, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, 6:00, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights at 6:00, 6:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:20, 9:05, 10:00, 10:50, a. m.; 1:20, 1:35, 2:50, 3:45, 4:25, 4:50, 5:25, 5:50, 6:00, 6:30, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:25, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, 6:00, p. m. Return at 6:00, 6:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:20, 9:05, 10:00, 10:50, a. m.; 1:20, 1:35, 2:50, 3:45, 4:25, 4:50, 5:25, 5:50, 6:00, 6:30, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:25, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, 6:00, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6:00, 6:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:20, 9:05, 10:00, 10:50, a. m.; 1:20, 1:35, 2:50, 3:45, 4:25, 4:50, 5:25, 5:50, 6:00, 6:30, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:25, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, 6:00, p. m. Return at 6:00, 6:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:20, 9:05, 10:00, 10:50, a. m.; 1:20, 1:35, 2:50, 3:45, 4:25, 4:50, 5:25, 5:50, 6:00, 6:30, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15, 11:25, p. m.; Sunday, 12:50, 6:00, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington FOR Lowell at 7:20, 10:20, a. m.; 4:10, 5:20, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington FOR Lowell at 7:20, 10:20, a. m.; 4:10, 5:20, p. m.

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## EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—Miss Minnie Brown will board at the Highlands this winter.

—The Chautauqua local circle met with Mrs. Alfred Pierce, on Monday, and will meet with her next week.

—There was a pleasant musical party of young people, one evening this week, at Mr. Ellsworth Pierce's.

—If LaGrippe makes us a visit this winter of course Dr. Ketch will have a remedy.

—Mr. Charles Brown and his granddaughter, Miss Wentworth, left on Tuesday for Durant, Mississippi, where they will spend the winter.

—Rev. Mr. Samuel Dyberg, of Cambridge, preached at the Follen church, last Sabbath. His text was Matt. 5:3d, "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

—The house owned by Mr. G. Heywood, of Concord, is being altered and painted and will be occupied by Mr. Whittier.

—The long sheds adjoining the estate of Mr. Rhodes Lockwood have been torn down this week and the grounds are being prepared for the removal of the house farther back from Main street.

—November shows its true colors by reigning violently one day and then giving us a feast of untold loveliness the next, looking backward and snatching beauty from October.

—The scholars in our schools are anticipating much pleasure from the vacation next week, which will probably commence on Thanksgiving Day and continue until Monday.

—Our great harvest festival will be here before another issue of our paper. Even now every thing is impregnated with the aroma of mince and pumpkin pies and mournful cries emanate from the poultry yard.

—Many from our village attended the "Destrict Schule," Thursday evening, and some of our people were pupils and one of the boys in the primary class was such a little midget that all wondered he was not more disconcerted before such an audience.

—There will be a social party Wednesday, Nov. 26, under the auspices of the young ladies of the Follen church. Wood's orchestra will furnish music. Tickets, 25 cents; dancing tickets, 25 cents. Refreshments can be bought during the evening. The ladies of our village never undertake anything without success as the result, so we are sure this party will be well patronized by our people and others. We insure them a pleasant evening.

—The Austin house, opposite the Willard Hotel, owned by Mr. Edward Harrington, was sold last week to Mrs. Violette Ruggles, of Marion, Mass., who we understand will occupy the house with her son, Dr. N. S. Ruggles and his family. They contemplate making extensive improvements which will make it an attractive place. As they are a very musical family, we hope our village may have an opportunity to hear them.

—Babies cry because they suffer; and the most reliable remedy for the relief of their discomfort is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents.

A child learning its alphabet is sometimes blockaded. A man suffering with catarrh and not trying Old Saut's Catarrh Cure may be called a blockhead.

No one can read the advertisement entitled "Thanksgiving," in our paper this week, without wondering how Standard Crocker and Table Ware can be sold at such wonderfully low prices. But it's a fact. Messrs. Hollander, Bradshaw & Folsom are prepared to back every statement they make, and have a stock of the finest goods on their counters, as they have the benefit of doing a large importing and wholesale business in connection with their retail store.

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—Died in East Lexington, Nov. 11, Mr. Patrick Dailey, aged 62 years, 8 months.

Mr. Dailey was born in Maith County, Ireland, March 6, 1828, and married to Miss Bridget Whalen Aug. 12, 1854. Mr. Dailey has lived in Lexington forty-two years and for eighteen years he was engaged as a stone mason, working with Mr. Nathaniel Garmon, and since that time he has labored diligently on his farm on Middle street. His funeral occurred on Thursday morning, at St. Bridget's church. There was high mass and Rev. Mr. Kavanagh officiated. The burial was at Arlington and a large concourse of relatives and friends followed his remains to their last resting place. Mr. Dailey was a faithful, honest man, true to his convictions of right and ever willing to lend a helping hand to his neighbor. During his sickness he was patient and unselfish, ready to go to his heavenly home and be at rest. He sowed the seeds of goodness and uprightness in his heart and now at the time of the ingathering of the harvest he has gone to reap the reward of his labors and his bereaved family have the sympathy of our community.

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## JESUS IS CRUCIFIED.

LESSON VIII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 23.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xxiii, 33, 47. Commit Verses 33, 34—Golden Text, Isa. lili, 6—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Compiled from Lesson Helper Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadelphia.]

33. "And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left." Our last lesson left Him in their hands to do their pleasure with Him; and after the scourging and mocking we see the cross laid brutally on that torn and bleeding back, and He goes forth bearing His cross (John xix, 17). While it is not said that He fainted under it, the fact that they turned Simon the Cyrenian about, and compelled him to bear it after Jesus (verse 26), looks as if He may have sunk beneath it, or perhaps stumbled through weakness or loss of blood. Then hear Him as He says to the women who follow: "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children" (verse 28). And see the two malefactors each bearing his cross. Thus follow to Calvary or Golgotha, the place of a skull (Matt. xxvii, 33). And now see the three crosses each bearing its living, dying, agonizing burden; on either side an evil doer suffering justly, but in the midst the Holy Jesus suffering the just for the unjust.

34. "Then said Jesus, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted His raiment and cast lots.' Can you see Him stripped of his raiment, laid down upon the cross, the nails driven through His quivering flesh, and then hear Him pray, 'Father, forgive them.'"

35. "And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided Him, saying, He saved others, let Him save Himself, if He be Christ, the chosen of God." Their cruelty knows no bounds; they have now done their worst; they have crucified Him, but they cannot cease; and as He hangs in greatest physical agony upon the cruel cross they deride Him. He could have saved Himself if He had wished. Not all the power of men or devils could have harmed Him unless He had permitted it. Hear His own words: "I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father" (John x, 17, 18).

36. "And the soldiers also mocked Him, coming to Him and offering Him vinegar." The sufferings and death of Christ tell out the hearts of all classes of men—the true children of God who in trial forsake Him; the professor only, who, being tempted, sells Him; those highest in religious things, who, being only hypocrites, hate reality; those highest in temporal power, who know nothing of eternal realities and care only to please people; the irreligious (as these soldiers), who care for none of these things, and the offscouring of the earth suffering just punishment for their crimes—all have their hearts revealed by the cross of Christ.

37. "And saying, If thou be the King of the Jews save thyself." They could not understand a king who had no followers and seemed to have no power.

38. "And a superscription also was written over Him, in letters of Greek and Latin and Hebrew, 'This is the King of the Jews.' The chief priests objected to this, and wished Pilate to write, 'He said, I am King of the Jews' (John xix, 21); but Pilate insisted on keeping it as he had written it.

39. "And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, If thou be Christ save thyself and us." Rulers, soldiers and malefactors all utter the same taunt, "Save thyself."

40. "But the other answering, rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? Hardened indeed, must have been the heart of this condemned man, who, knowing that he must very soon meet God in the spirit world, railed even to the last.

41. "And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss." Another testimony to the innocence of "This Man." We have heard it from Judas, from Pilate, from Pilate's wife, indirectly from Herod, and now from this thief on the cross.

42. "And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." This is grand. Not only does he confess himself a justly punished wicked man, but he confesses that the man at his side is an innocent man suffering unjustly; that notwithstanding all that has been done to Him and said to Him He is really a king and has a kingdom; and he humbly asks to be remembered in that kingdom.

43. "And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." What a trophy for Christ to display among the redeemed!

44. "And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour." He was crucified at the third hour (Mark xv, 25), which would be about 9 o'clock. At the sixth hour or 12 o'clock this darkness set in, which continued till He died at 3 o'clock. The sun refused to shine longer upon such a scene; earth put on mourning.

45. "And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst." The veil was a symbol of His body or flesh. As in tabernacle and temple, the veil concealed the glory of God, so during His stay on earth the mortal body of Christ concealed within it the glory of God.

46. "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit; and having said thus He gave up the ghost." This is the last of His seven sayings the cross. For the others in the order of utterance see verses 34, 43; John xix, 25-27; Matt. xxvii, 46; John xix, 28, 30. They tell of forgiveness, Paradise, provision for our need while here and the infinite cost at which all has been purchased. This last confirms the fact of life apart from the body or conscious existence after death. Compare Stephen's "Lord Jesus receive my spirit" (Acts vii, 59), and by the word of God become so fully persuaded of these things that you can almost see yourself apart from your body enjoying the riches of God's glory.

47. "Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man." Yet another testimony to the innocence of the Lord Jesus Christ in addition to those mentioned under verse 41. We hope the centurion truly believed on Him, but we are not told. If he should turn out to be the Cornelius of Acts x that would explain how Cornelius came to be so devout. But we must wait. For the record of the earthquake, and the opened graves, and the incidents of His burial by Joseph and Nicodemus, as well as the piercing of His side, see Matt. xxvii, 51, 52; John xix, 34-42, and the remaining verses of this chapter. How often we have read the story, but how little we understand or appreciate it! God give us opened eyes and tender hearts.



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[From our Regular Correspondent.]

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1890.

Secretary Rusk is working manfully to have Mr. Harrison nominate his friend, Senator Spooner, to the vacancy upon the Supreme Court, and, owing to the fact that Mr. Harrison and Senator Spooner are warm personal friends of many years standing, it will not be surprising if he succeeds. But the friends of other candidates among the returning Senators and Representatives are by no means idle and it may be that some of them will in the end secure the prize. At any rate the uncertainty will not be of long duration, as Mr. Harrison, owing to several important cases that are being held back by the Supreme Court for the action of a full bench, has promised that the nomination shall be sent to the Senate as soon as Congress meets.

The supporters of Representative Mills for Speaker of the next House are somewhat disconcerted by the authorized announcement that Representative-elect Dan. Lockwood, of New York, is a candidate for the position. The friends of Mr. Mills had been confidently figuring upon the active support of ex-President Cleveland, but now they will be satisfied if they can secure Mr. Cleveland's neutrality in the fight for the coveted honor of presiding over the House. The reason for this sudden change appears to be that Mr. Lockwood claims, or some of his friends claim for him, that he was the discoverer and creator, politically speaking, of Grover Cleveland, and that he will ask his aid now, and that Mr. Cleveland cannot refuse, without proving himself guilty of ingratitude, that basest of all crimes. Representative Springer, another candidate, thinks he